



A Kiss For Rose, Part 1



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Chapter 1 by Mia Luxe

Chapter One

"Rose, wake up!" My Mother said.

"What do you want, It's Saturday!" I said.

"Yeah! The first day of depression group."

"Ugh!"

I woke up for the first day of depression group and it sucks having to wake up at 7 am on the weekend for a group. I get dressed and did my normal routine for the morning, then left for the first day of depression group. I get there and I have to go to the front desk to sign in then inside the room.

I sat down and took a look around the classroom and saw one of the cutest guys I have ever seen in my life. Whenever he would look at me, I would look away like I didn't even notice him.

"You looking at Zack?"

"Yeah. Do you know him?"

"Yeah! He's nice but, he doesn't date girls like us."

"But he is like us."

"I know. I'm Maddie!"

"I'm Rose."

"Cool!"

Maddie sits next to me, and we immediately continued talking. I also kept catching Zack looking at me.

It's been one hour later and depression group is finally finished! I just want to go home, eat

some pizza, and go back to sleep. My mom went to the grocery store and told me to call her

when depression group was finished. I pick up my phone and when we finish talking,

I see Zack standing right in front of me.

"Hi"

"I'm Zack, 15"

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"Rose, 15 too."

"That's a very pretty name!"

"Thank you."

"You don't seem to be very enthusiastic right now." Zack said.

"Yeah... I'm just really tired right now."

"I understand."

My mom pulls up and rolls down the window.

"Come on!" My mom shouts. She also seems very tired.

"Well, I'll see you later!" Zack said.

"See ya!"

I go into the car and I tell my mom not to go to slow because, I was really tired and hungry.

I finally get home from the 15 minute drive. I then grab a bag of potato chips and a slice of pizza from dominoes head upstairs to my room. I throw my shoes off my feet, and change into my pajamas. The next thing I know, I am in my bed eating pizza and potato chips watching Big Bang Theory.

Chapter 2

I wake up 4 hours later and check the time, It's already 1:15pm. I must have been that tired. I hear some noise downstairs so I fix myself up then head downstairs. As soon as I reach the second to last step, I see, Zack and his brother talking, or I think it is his brother, and his parents talking to my parents. I get to the lower floor and Zack see's me. My parents look at me to and then they introduce me to Zack family, then to Zack.

"Rose, meet Zack!" My mother said so excitingly.

"We already know each other mother..." I said with my arms crossed.

"From where?" asked my mother.

"From depression group" Zack told my mother.

"Oh." Said my mother, I guess she didn't know that he was in depression group. I didn't even think that is was the same guy! He seemed so... Happy!

I knew my mother really trusted me so I said, "Zack, show Rose, show Zack your room." It was really weird but, I did what she asked. I walked him upstairs and opened my door filled with pictures.

"Nice pics!" He said with a lot of enthusiasm.

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"Thanks..." I say shyly.

When you walk into my room, the first thing you see is my bed. The headboard is filled with picture that I took with my camera and, dance medals. if you look to the left, you see my desk with a bunch of pictures, trophies, medals, my school stuff. Next to my desk, you see my bookshelf that is in the corner. And in the middle of my desk, and bookshelf, there are a bunch of pictures. If you look at the right of my bed, you see my dresser, closet, makeup table, and tv. My walls are painted baby blue, and there are dance trophies, medals, and pictures I took everywhere around the room. I love taking pictures and dancing. Those are two things that cheer me up besides eating, technology, and texting my friend Zoe.

After showing Zack my room, I showed him my bathroom that looked similar to my room. My bathroom was also painted baby blue. I had had a blue toilet, a gigantic sink was cabinets under them, A shower because, I don't like taking baths, a hamper that is like a box and I have a tray that has some of my perfumes, hand sanitizers, and jewelry on there. The reason why I have such a big room and bathroom is because, I live in a mansion. My dad is a lawyer who gets paid \$1,000 whenever he wins a battle and gets paid \$500 when he loses a battle. Also, my mother is an owner of a movie theater that I go to whenever I want after school and can go backstage, and help give out tickets, popcorn and all the other things that people can do when they own a movie theater. I can also get in and anything for free! Not to brag... I know you seem that, I have all this stuff, that I should be happy. Well, the reason that I have depression, is because some one that was really close to me died. But I'll tell you all about that later.

Anyways, I'm looking down at the floor while Zack is looking around. I catch him looking at me and then I see him leaning forward. He picks me up and tries to kiss me but, I haven't even had my first kiss yet, and I wasn't ready.

"What the hell!" I shouted

"Kiss me!" Zach says while breathing from his mouth.

I push him off me and said: "No! I haven't even had my first kiss yet and I am sure as hell not ready!"

"What? What do you mean?" He asks.

"I'm just not ready! Okay?"

"Oh... Okay!" "I would think that you are beautiful and smart and amazing! I want to be with you!"

"We just met today! You don't even know me!"

"Okay... Just let me know"

He exits my room and I just stand in my bathroom with my arms crossed and my head looking down to the floor.

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"I like you too." I said quietly so no one can hear me.

Chapter 3

A lot of people don't believe that I have depression because, I don't have a cut or bruises... I mean I do have 1 or 2 bruises from dance but, thats it! The reason why is because, I don't have depression from people bullying me, I have depression because, my brother died. My brother James died of hypertrophic cardiomyopathy at age 16 and I was 13. Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy is when the heart muscle becomes really thick. There is no cure but treatments help. My brother was my best friend. He was always there for me! Good times, bad times, when I was getting bullied. I'm not anymore because, well he died and they all still feel bad for me. I'm really surprised about how my parents handled it. They cried when they found him dead... I did too... But at the wake, funeral, and after all that, they stopped crying. But I never did. Every night, I cry myself to sleep because, I am always thinking about him. I was looking out the window and saw a rainbow. My mother came in and she came to the window. "Do you think that he's on there having a good time with his new friends?" My mom asked.

"I dunno. I really miss him though." I told my mom.

"Me too honey. And I'm sure that he misses us too."

My mom and I smile at each other and look out the window once again.

"Time for lunch!" My dad sings with jazz hands.

"Wow dad, you really cheer me up!" I said while laughing, and my mom was laughing too.

"Yes!" My dad said.

I walk downstairs to eat lunch and then suddenly, the doorbell rings.

"I'll get it!" I shout.

I walked up to the door and open and then I see... Zack.

"What are you doing here Zack?" I ask

"Can I come in?"

"Yeah."

My parents come downstairs to see who's at the door.

"Hi Zack!" My mother says.

"What's up Zack!" My father says.

"Hi Mr/Mrs. Miller!"

"I think I'm going to be late."

"Okay!" My parents say at

I grab Zack and head upstairs. I really like Zack but he was going to fast!

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"What do you want?" I ask.

"I came to apologize. I am so sorry for trying to kiss you yesterday! I just really like you!" He says. Will you go out with me?"

"Let me think about it. I'll get back to you later."

We walk back downstairs and he leaves.

"Is everything alright?" My mom asks.

"Yes mother!"

"Come eat."

I finish my lunch then I call Zack and ask him to come over. I hear the doorbell ring and Zack comes upstairs once again.

"I'm sorry but, I can't go out with you. I'm just not ready to have my first boyfriend yet. Maybe later, but right now, I just can't."

"I understand! I'll see you later..." Zack leaves my room and I see him going out of the driveway from my window.

My dad came to my room to ask what happened. I never lie to my dad so I told him everything. He listened and told me that I made a good choice. Then he went back downstairs to get ready for bed. I also got ready for bed and I watched some tv, until I fell asleep.

Chapter 4

My father wakes me up at 10:00 am by screaming my name... That is not how a girl is supposed to wake up but, whatever. I grab my robe and head down the stair steps rubbing my eyes... As soon as I touched the last step, I said:

"Why did you just wake me up, on a Sunday, at 10 am dad?"

"Sorry honey, it's just, I wanted to have breakfast with you before I leave for my business trip."

"You never said anything about a business trip." I said really confused.

"I just got the call this morning. My boss said that it was an emergency trip and that my flight was at 1 pm."

"Okay, sorry if I sound selfish but after breakfast, I am going back to bed."

"Okay.. Fine with me!" my father says.

As I sit down for breakfast, my mother comes into the dining room to serve me some pancakes. I love pancakes. But anyway I ask "Is dad to be gone for" and he said that he was going to be gone for

"SIX WEEKS!" I shout.

"What's wrong with six weeks?" my mother asks.

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"Nothing! It just seems like a long time for me." I say drinking my orange juice.

"That's sweet!" My dad says looking up from his newspaper.

I look at him with a "seriously" stare. He then starts laughing.

I finally finished my breakfast. So I give my dad a kiss and head back upstairs to sleep. But I couldn't because, my phone kept ringing. Zack had called me 12 times in the last hour. I quickly call him back to see if there was an emergency and/or something happened... Because, he did just call me 12 times in the last hour so... I call him back, and he starts to sing. I start getting so mad that I couldn't help but scream at him!

I finally calm down, while he is still on the phone, I just hang up on him. I found out that Zack transferred schools, and that he now goes to my school. I freak out and start kicking my bed. I decided to watch tv and eat pancakes. My best friend Zoe texts me and ask me what's up. I tell her everything that happened over the weekend. She knows me pretty well to know how to calm me down and make me feel better. I love her so much and I hope that we grow old together. That is how tight we are. Besides my brother, she was another person who helped me through a lot. She helped me through my brother's death and since then, we have never lost each other's trust and we always helped each other.

Time flies by fast! Me and Zoe have been texting for 2 hours and my dad comes up to my room to say his goodbyes so he can leave for his flight.

Chapter 5

It's now Monday. I have to get ready for school. It seems so quiet without my dad in the house. He's never left the house for a long period of time so, I'm not that used to it. My alarm wakes me up at around 7:30 am. Of course I press the snooze button. But then, I wake up afraid that I am going to be late for school so, I just wake up 5 minutes later, then turn off my alarm clock.

My school morning routine basically goes like this: 1.) Wake Up, 2.) Pee, brush teeth, wash face, 3.) Eat Breakfast, 4.) Do Makeup, 5.) Put on my outfit, 6.) Straighten my hair, 7.) Hang out till I have to walk to the bus stop.

I catch the bus and I see someone I did not want to anymore. Zack. I usually sit at the back of the

bus but since he was there I decided to sit at the front of the bus. I usually sit at the back because it's quiet back there. And I don't want to sit next to him but I would do anything to get away from Zack. Once I sit down I look out the window and see a river. I stop the bus and let me out. Usually the bus driver would not let me out but the driver is one of my dad's friends so he always let's me get off and on the bus for me. And sometimes when I miss the bus,

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he waits for me in front of the coffee shop. He is awesome! I walked to school to avoid seeing Zack. School starts at 9 am. It take 30 minutes for the bus to get all the kids and go to school, and it takes 15 minutes walking from my house to the school. I told Gus (the bus driver) to stop by the cafe that is 10 minutes away from school.

I was walking and they bus went past me. I looked into the windows and I saw Zack nod his head no then, walk to the back of the bus. I watch the bus go ahead of me. I slowly start walking forward. I then start walking faster.

I finally get to school. It seems like the bus dropped of the kids before my arrival. I assumed that because, when I opened my locker, a note fell out that said: "Why are you avoiding me? Meet me in the janitor's closet during lunch."

I crumpled up the note then threw it the garbage can. I am definitely not going to meet him.

Chapter 6

I grab my math stuff for 1st period. I close my locker, then start walking to my class. I was really hoping that Zack wouldn't be in any of my classes. I did not want see at all. Ever. But that might be impossible. I am going to see him at lunch. And he will probably be in in at least one of my classes. I look around the classroom. No Zack. I start figuring out the problem that Mrs.

Ginatowsky wrote on the board. Then something that I did not want to happen, happened.

Zack, was in my 1st period math class. There was an empty seat next to me so, I knew that he was going to sit next to me. Just as I suspected, he sat in the seat next to me. I decided not to talk him, or look at him. I just kept focus on the board, and Mrs. Ginatowsky.

Zack kept trying to talk to me but, I just kept ignoring him. He was getting really annoying. I couldn't stand it anymore, so I told Mrs. Ginatowsky that he was annoying me. Then, he moved. I didn't want him to get near me. He went to fast. I barely know him and he just... Kisses me.

I am not the type of girl who just, goes for it. I'm the type of person who likes to take it slow. So I can know who this person really is before we go out, or something. I think it came from my depression but, I'm not going to blame it on that. It just seems wrong to me.

I have grown up with good parents, a dead brother, and 1 best friend. I think, that's what is

causing me to seem sensitive. I best friend, and a dead brother.

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